

That One Day

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Summary: Hiccup used to wonder what it was like to be in love and what it was like to be in a relationship. Looking back, he remembers that he was so lucky to have Jack.

That One Day

****Hello again! I'm typing this is on my phone so please excuse some typo errors that have managed to sneak into here.****

****I'm sorry for this drabble. It's been bugging me for quite a while.****

****Disclaimer: I do not own anything apart from a phone, this plot and an imagination.****

* * *

><p>"Psst."<p>

My eyes never left the teacher. Sure I was looking, but that didn't mean I was listening. I remember walking into the classroom, sitting down and staring outside the window. I looked away and turned my attention to a couple walking across the street, hand in hand. They were a cute couple and I could only wish that I could have a relationship like that with someone one day. I smiled slightly and continued to watch the pair walk. The boy whispered something into the girl's ear, and it must've been funny because she laughed and playfully shoved the boy.

"Psst, Hiccup."

Ignored it, and watched the couple chase each other down the road. I lost interest when they were out of sight. I looked at my blank notebook instead, realising I wasn't writing down any notes. I sighed and picked up a pencil, trying to concentrate, when a continuous poking sensation was annoying me from behind. "Damn you Jack, what do

you want?"

"What are we doing?" Jack asked with a bored tone.

"Remind me why I'm still your friend." I answered, turning to face Jack full and dumped my notebook in front of him.

"Because you can't get enough of me." He smirked, which made me flush a bit. He looked down at my blank notebook and frowned, "Isn't like you to not pay attention."

"I was distracted." My thoughts wondered back to the couple on the road. Why was this bothering me so much? And why was I not paying attention.

Jack's eyes went wide and he grinned, "You were looking at the couple too?" It came out more as a statement than a question.

I cringed at Jack's sudden (and loud) outburst and covered his mouth. "Yes," I hissed "And so?"

I got no answer. Unless you count a wiggle of peppery eyebrows and a wolf whistle as an answer. I groaned and glanced quickly at the clock the was positioned above the door. As if on cue, the bell went signalling that school was over for the day.

* * *

><p>You see, the thing about Jack is that he's always protective of his family and his friends. So, I wasn't suprised to find Jack walking me home. Not like there was anything wrong with that. I could do with some company once in a while, even if it did mean that I walked on the pavement while Jack was walking on the low brick wall like a child. I smiled to myself. Another thing about Jack was that he was seriously child like; he still got excited over snow and whenever it did (which was pretty much 6 months of the year) he would drag me outside and insist that I build a snowman with him.<p>

"Hiccup?" The said boy called, interuppting ny thoughts.

"Hmm?" I answered, cocking my head upwards to look at Jack, who stopped walking and was sitting on the wall. I sat next to him because, well the road was empty and the surrondings were a couple of houseds and a park.

"Have you ever been in love?" He raised an eyebrow and turned to look at me.

It was such an innocent question, so why was my heart slamming against my chest then? Why were my hands sweaty? What was that all about? I considered the question and answered as best as I could. "Yes. Once, but it didn't work out. I guess it was just a crush that didn't work out too good."

"Oh. Okay..." He looked away, gaining a sudden interest in his hands.

I cocked my head to the side so that I could get a better angle of his face. "Why do you ask?" It was getting dark, which was no

suprise, we usually took the long way home together.

"I think I am." He kept his gaze on his hands.

"Yeah, nobody can resist the sexiness of just being you." I snorted and playfully shoved his shoulder.

He chuckled. "But I am." He turned to look at me with a serious look on his face.

I gasped slightly. The Sun was setting to our left, and the colours were breath taking. Actually, forget the sunset, Jack's face was breath taking. Now, I see this moron's face everyday, yes, but seeing his face right there and then, was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. Really. "With who?" I whispered softly, successfully managing to keep the hurt out of my barely audible voice. I thought of Jack with this lucky girl and my heart ached.

"You."

"Haha, Jack no. You don't..." I said shakily. Jack couldn't like me. I tore my gaze away from his beautiful blue eyes that were reflecting the sunset. This was such an awkward situation. Having your crush saying that he liked you while the sun was setting, I couldn't help but look around us to see if anyone was secretly recording this or if there were any cameras anywhere.

"I do."

I felt hands cup my cheeks and then the next thing I knew Jack was kissing me. Rewind, WHAT?! I have no objections to that, but at the time, the only thing I could say in my mind was WHAT?! Jack. Was. Kissing. Me.

Don't get me wrong, I have kissed before, but that was one of those kiss chases where they don't actually mean anything. But this was different. I felt Jack's lips moving and I couldn't help but close my eyes and kiss him back. Jack let his hands fall from my face, and I felt an emptiness. Then it was full when Jack laced his fingers with mine. He opened his mouth slightly, so that our breaths were mingling, and I took this as an opportunity to let my tongue slide in. My body was on fire and blood was roaring in my ears. I couldn't help but think that this was a dream. I wasn't. I realised that when I felt Jack's tongue dance with mine, making a shiver run down my spine. Not the scary shiver, but that I'm-tonguing-with-my-crush kind of shiver. A YAY shiver.

It must've been a very long kiss because then I realised that I betrayed the concept of breathing, and the laws of biology made me stop to take a deep breath. My fingers were still linked with Jack's and I guess we let our foreheads meet each other. The damn sun couldn't just let it be night yet, but I was grateful for that. The different shades of blue, purple and pink were amazing. Jack was amazing. "Wow."

Jack gave a shaky laugh and kissed my nose, "Yeah. Now you know why I do."

We jumped from the wall, hands still linked, and we went home to my house because I refused to let go of his hand. Ever. And that was a

promise I made 10 years ago. And talking now, with Jack as my husband, 2 kids, I never broke that promise. Ever.

End
file.